

Jedi Mind Tricks "F**k Ya Life"

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[feat. Blacastan]

[Intro:]

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing

[Verse 1:]

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the [?] Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something
different

I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain't family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince
Lombardi
I got a tat offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat it, this ain't a Christmas
party

[Chorus:]

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing

Fuck your life

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Fuck your life

[Verse 2:]

I make blood money with flecks of blood splatter
It's drug money, the aspect of it doesn't matter
All the blood and death is what gives it the X factor
A lot of blood and sweat goes into the trespassers

I kill swiftly, I like to take life quickly
I take a pint of blood and make moonshine whiskey
I like to keep the 911 lines busy
I like a fun time in a crime-ridden city
All the blood that we use is worth every bump and
bruise

Once the hunt pursues we ain't on the Onion News
I don't run from the problems I start [?]

We wet you up, no lifeguard on duty

Then I'm a bar or a movie

Then I'm with a beauty watching hardcore nudity

Had to ditch the bitch that think we're dating
exclusively

The old grey mare she ain't what she used to be

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I'm that last line of coke that you see on the mirror

Take your last sniff, now you think you seeing shit
clearer

I'm the nigga that's behind you waiting to get paid

I'm that hard-assed dick that's waiting to get laid

I'm them Pumas that you rock that was made out of
suede

You the nigga came to cop and got caught in the raid

I'm the venom that lies within the king cobra's core

That new blood soaking through the enemy's soul

The spoils of life, the ills of men

John Wayne Gacy, Charlie Manson, killing again

I'm released from the penitent, mind state militant

Bombs underneath the tent, basmala I repent

Sent to Earth from a distant galaxy

I am no contradiction, far from a fallacy

Freddy in the booth bring nightmares to reality

World War 3, I'm enlisted by JMT

[Chorus:]

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